

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:  
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

*For.* There is more newes,  
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Doug.* Thats the worst rydings that I heare of yet.

*Wor.* I by my fayth that beares a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

*For.* To thirtie thousand.

*Hot.* Fortie let it bee.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away.

The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs muster speedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talke not of dying: I am out of feare  
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.*

*Fal.* *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conenry*, fill mee a bottle of  
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton* cop-  
hill to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue mee money, Captaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an Angell.

*Fal.* And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,  
take them all, I'le answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*  
meet me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will, Captaine: farewell.

*Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowle Gurnet; I  
haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in exchange  
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse mee none but  
good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted  
Batchelers, such as had ben askt twice on the Banes. such a com-  
moditie of warme slauces, as had as lief heare the Diuell as a  
Drumme, such as feare the report of a Calliuer, worse then a  
strok-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I presse mee none but such  
Tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins  
heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: and now, my  
whole

whole charge consists of Ancient  
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues  
painted Cloath where the Glur  
such as indeed were neuer Souldie  
uing men, yonger Sonnes to yonger  
and Ostlers, trade-falne, the Canke  
peace, times more dishonourable  
cient: and such haue I to fill v  
bought out their seruices, that y  
hundred and fiftie tottered Prodi  
keeping, from eating draffe and h  
on the way, and told me I had v  
prest the dead bodies. No eye  
He not march thorow *Conenry* w  
the villains march wide between  
on, for indeed, I had the most of  
a Shirt and a halfe in all my comp  
Napkinstacke together, and th  
a Herald's coate without sleeves;  
stolne from mine Host of *S. Alba*  
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, th  
euery Hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the*

*Prin.* How now blowne lacke

*Fal.* What *Hal*? How now mad  
in *Warwickshire*? My good *L.* of *W*  
thought your honour had already

*West.* Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis mor  
and you too; but my powers are  
tell you, lookes for vs all; we mu

*Fal.* Tut, neuer feare: tell me, I  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to steale Creame  
ready made thee butter: but tell  
the (what come after?

*Fal.* Mine, *Hal*, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer see such pitt

*Fal.* Tut, tut, good enough